

SOMETHING LIKE AN AT HOME.

FREAKS UNWRAP THEIR TALENTS FROM SUNDAY'S NAPKIN

And Give a Lesson in the Art of Entertaining—Young Mr. Silvers a kind of Greek chorus. All by Himself—Ever See a Three Legged Wonder Kick a Football?

Looking over the multitude Mr. Silvers the clown spoke as follows: "All the reporters are here. Let joy be unconfined." The greatest show on earth had been seen that there might be a full in publicity and so Bill Corey, press agent in chief of the Barnum & Bailey aggregation, sent out an invitation that said:

Mr. Willard Corey and his wife request the pleasure of your presence at the Greek chorus of the Greatest Show on Earth, Madison Square Garden, at 8 o'clock, on the afternoon of Sunday, April 5, 1937. Nineteen hundred and seven, at three o'clock, in the Greatest Show on Earth, R. S. V. P. Champagne.

Mr. Corey and his able assistant, young Mr. Dexter Fellows, received. They stood under a sign that said, "This way to the Manager's," with a hand pointing downward. To the left of them was another sign that ran, "Don't miss the Freaks before entering the Big Show," with another hand pointing to the right. Both men wore the conventional carnation and frock coat and as the guests arrived Mr. Corey and Mr. Fellows shook hands affably and swung their arrivals along toward a table filled with champagne bottles as only a professional handshaker can.

Mr. Paul Lytchko, manager of Miss Rosa Wedsted, the Finnish girl, was on the scene when the guests arrived, attired in evening clothes that made everybody else feel small and uncomfortable. Beautiful Marie, the blond fat girl, whose proud breast it is that she never wears a princess gown in her life, sat on a braided table-towel with Miss Marie DeVere, the sword swallower, and Krao, the young lady missing limb, slumped on these. King Charles John Hoop and Prince Louis Stoeffler talked pleasantly with the Princess Caroline Haas amid the midges—about the other copies that engaged society at functions like those, and Mandy, the man with the boiler-plate head, discussed a small brand of small talk with Miss Mary Bayroo, the Turkish whirling dancer, under the artificial palms.

So Mr. Silvers, radiating a Metropole diamond in his green crocheted cravat, gave the word to open the throttle and the show was on.

The midges who weren't on the afternoon list sat in the front row of chairs that were placed in the centre of Curio Hall, the normal people sat behind them, and George Augur, the Welsh giant, and Miss Rosa Wedsted, the Finnish girl, sat in the last row. But as the show changed from a platform on one side of the hall to a platform on the other side it became hard for the midges to see. And when George Augur was in the front row after a change he wouldn't remove his No. 11 hat because what's the use?

There was a musical selection of three first by Haile, Willis and Haile, who played divinely on things that were originally steam radiators, on the electric lights, the rubber plants or on the plates of chicken salad near the champagne. It was all the same to Haile, Willis and Haile. They finished their numbers without a comment from Silvers, the clown, but as soon as the various midges in the show got on the job for the second number and little Prince Louis began to do Hermenegildo tricks Silvers began by remarking ostentatiously, "He's sleight of hand and slight of body. I guess maybe that's his best."

But the Lilliputians went right on with their various stunts as if nothing had happened. They sang duets in German, a young Carmenita who owned to be a year for every inch of height, danced a Spanish dance, and Prince Louis did some acrobatic revolutions that caused Silvers to look envious. Prince Louis came off finally wearing green trunks and looking like a half portion of Danny Maher and put a towel over his head and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Silvers, but I can't do any more."

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"And it's a cinch," remarked Silvers, "that they couldn't tell you now or which side the uptown station is. Pretty bad, eh?"

But this pretty Turkish girl finally ran down, and the girl, Miss DeVere, the lady sword swallower, caused another turning of chairs. Miss DeVere swallowed foot long swords as easily as the board of governors of the Flatiron Club eat spaghetti amid the applause of the many patrons of dramatic art present.

But I'd like to see her swallow one of Bill Corey's press stories," observed young Mr. Silvers, and everybody turned his chair to see the three legged wonder, Lenzini, kick a football out over the heads of the multitude with his right leg. Mandy, the Hard Headed Marvelous Man, followed Lenzini by placing a big block of granite on his head, with only a pink edition of an evening paper between the rock and his skull for protection. They called for volunteers to seek it to Mandy then with the sledge hammer, just to show there was no deception, but nobody would do so up from the audience. George Augur, the steen foot Welsh giant, was finally prevailed upon to take up the hammer and smash a couple of whistles where they would do the most good.

"Strike where you look," was Mandy's last request, and the giant came down, as if he loved his work, on the rock. He split the big chunk of stone after a few blows, and then Mandy broke an extremely solid kitchen chair over his own precious head for an encore.

Prof. McNulty was the stage director of a Punch and Judy show after this. It seems that Mr. Punch had a wife named Judy, and Punch asked her to get the baby, and when she didn't Punch rapped her on the head till you could hear her head land four blocks away and then a black faced person came up from below and tried to sing and Punch rapped him on the head and placed him cold in death beside Judy hanging over the edge of the stage and after this Punch rapped an Irishman and a Jew and a Pierrot and killed them all. But the devil got Mr. Punch at last and everybody lived happily after.

There was a lot of chicken salad after this and sandwiches and more champagne.

Much might be written about the afternoon of entertainment only that Mr. Bill Corey said positively between each number on the programme that the entertainment was got up merely to show a bit of appreciation on the part of the circus management to their many friends, and that Manager Cole and he would be deeply offended if any account of it got into the papers. In view of this, perhaps, the less said the better.

VICTOR HERBERT CONCERT.

The Orchestra Heard in Music by Its Leader and Other Composers.

Victor Herbert's own compositions were most in demand last night at the second of the spring series of Sunday night concerts by his orchestra at Daly's Theatre. The leader and his orchestra pleased a large and appreciative audience from Stahlberg's.

"At the Brook," at the opening of the programme, through an "Egyptian Suite" in four parts, by Luigi, to the field of selections from "Mlle. Modiste," "The Red Mill," "Babes in Toyland" and others of Mr. Herbert's popular light operas. A new song, "If You Love But Me," written by Mr. Herbert for "The Red Mill," was played by the orchestra for the first time last night. It will be sung by Allen Crater to-night. Of the numbers on the programme not of Mr. Herbert's writing "Liadov's 'Imitation of a Music Box' and an encore, 'Firefly Waltz,' were heartily applauded. When an encore to the 'Egyptian Suite' brought forth the loud tension of Mr. Herbert's 'Oriental March' from 'The Tattooed Man,' and the well known 'Because You're You' from 'The Red Mill,' the audience settled back for enjoyment.

Miss Louise Le Baron sang several numbers in pleasing fashion. Mr. Herbert's orchestra in the closing concert on April 21 will give the last entertainment at Daly's before the theatre passes into the control of the Shuberts.

WATCH FOR CAMPANINI.

Manhattan's Musical Director Honored at Sunday Night Concert.

While Cleofonte Campanini, director of the Manhattan Opera House orchestra, was bowing his acknowledgments at the applause at last night's concert Max Bendix, concert master, took the director's stand and read to Campanini and the audience a little testimonial of appreciation from the orchestra members. Then he produced a more substantial token of the musicians' esteem, a gold watch engraved, 'Cleofonte Campanini, from the Manhattan Opera House orchestra, April, 1937.'

The audience rose in the seats and cheered the blushing Campanini. The orchestra covered the director's confusion by loud clappings on the drums and speaking of tidbits.

Bassi, Sammarco and Altschekoff led the programme. Sammarco gave the prologue to 'Pugliacci,' Bassi, an aria from 'L'Africain,' and Altschekoff an aria from 'Jaschowsky's little known opera, 'Eugene Onegin.' Mme. Russ sang a cavatina from 'Semiramide.' Mlle. Zepher followed with an aria from 'Traviata.' The last number, most appreciated by the audience, was the duet and trio from the third act of 'Aida,' which was sung by Mme. Russ, Bassi and Sammarco.

News of Plays and Players.

Walter N. Lawrence announces the last three weeks of 'The Three of Us' at the Madison Square Theatre. The run will end on Saturday night, April 27, completing 227 consecutive performances.

Frank Kierschner, who has been in the actor for fifty-seven years and is the oldest of the German actors in this country, has decided to retire from the company at the Irving Place Theatre and from the stage at the close of the present season. Herr Kierschner will make his last appearance at a benefit arranged for him at the Academy of Music on Sunday, April 28.

On April 1 the veteran actor celebrated the fifty-seventh anniversary of his first appearance.

Joe Weber and Amelia Bingham had a talk yesterday, and as a result it was announced that Miss Bingham's play, 'The Lilliputians,' has been withdrawn. Weber's Theatre will be dark until an attraction is secured. Miss Bingham says she is going to take her show to St. Louis.

William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer say they are trying to secure property adjoining the Laubs Club, in Forty-fourth street, upon which to erect a new theatre.

Brady says he needs a house for his three stars, his wife, Grace George, Robert Mantell and Wilton Lackaye. It is said that Brady and Grismer have not as yet secured all the property they need.

SCHOONER SINKS; CREW SAVED.

The Henry Croker Drags Her Anchor and Smashes Against a Bulkhead.

The two masted schooner Henry Croker from Inwood, L. I., bound for New York with a load of crushed stone, dragged her anchor while lying off Manhattan Beach yesterday morning and smashed up against a bulkhead near the Oriental Hotel.

The schooner had a big hole smashed in her hull below the water line, but Capt. John James and his crew of two stuck by the ship and tried to pump out the Atlantic water that it flowed in. So confident were they that their efforts were succeeding they refused help when John Tappin and Henry Bellman got out in a small boat to the rescue. Just as the rescuers were putting back a big wave sloshed over the schooner and she settled gently to the bottom. Capt. James and the crew jumped overboard and were picked up by the men in the boat.

Life is easy or smooth or rough: It's not a mingled jumble—Things unsee and things unear. Life is but the early morning with dew; Life is but a minute's struggle Little battle in the dark.

Of the haven of the best, The girl from Sauk, Wis., sat for some minutes after Mme. Rique had dropped the last rippling stanza, eyes closed and hands pressed together.

"Oh, that makes me think of the old farm," she said.

That's what the world is asking of you. Not what you are or what you are. But what you can do.

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MAKING THE LONELY LESS SO.

WHOSO IS SICK OF BEING ALONE COME HITHER AND BE CURED.

Be Gay, Be Sad, Be Stupid as You Like or as Funny as You Can. You'll Be Paired—Poetry and the Grab Bag Lead an Inextinguishable Charm to the Social Afternoon.

You are invited to have a Good Time at a Pack-age Party and Entertainment by the Lonely Club in Tuxedo Hall, 8th street and Madison avenue, on Sunday afternoon, April 5, 2 to 6 P. M. Each Lady and Gentleman is requested to bring an original sealed package to be sold in the Hall for the benefit of the Club. Refreshments Served Gratis.

Come And Be Merry.

TAN ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE.

And were they merry? Well, now!

As soon as you checked your hat at the door and went into the lodge room there was a young person in blue with applique lace inlaid who greeted you.

"I know you must be a stranger and lonely or you wouldn't come here. You know as soon as you get inside the door here you don't need any introduction. You just go up and talk to anybody. That's the way we used to do when I lived out at Sauk, Wis., and it just made me feel so good to find this lonely club, where you can do just as you used to at home. Now you just mix around some and talk to anybody you want to. That's what the Lonely Club is for."

Mr. Charles Mason, author and lecturer and president of the club, came up and introduced himself. Why, of course, just walk right up to anybody and tell them where you came from and why you are lonely, sit down and have a good long chat. And have some cake—some cake will come later, of course. And did you bring your original sealed package—oh, that auction sale of sealed packages will be the greatest. Any student of human nature can see that there is nothing like a lot of good fellows and good girls to jolly a fellow up when he lives in California and is all alone in New York.

Then Mr. Mason, A. and L., stepped up to the platform and opened the meeting. "The Lonely Club has achieved a unique service in New York," said Mr. Mason. "It has devised a new way for people to get acquainted with one another. Just as soon as we come in that doorway over there we drop all conventionalities and we get together in good fellowship. It takes genius to do that. Who is it that says that 'Genius' is like a rose and is—well, it is watered by human sympathy, or something like that."

Some Mrs. Grundys may say that it is a little ultra for ladies to come here unclothed and meet strange gentlemen, but I say it is an insult to American manhood that rock upon which our Constitution is built upon which the ship of State rests; an insult, I repeat, to believe that ladies of known respectability cannot come here when they are lonely and find sweet companionship."

Mr. Mason, A. and L.—he one time spoke before a Socialist meeting on "The Inter-relationship of the sexes," "Transcendental," said the girl from Sauk—poked two holes in the air with his rigid thumb to point his emphasis and went on to say that Mrs. Adelia Barker, our well known singer of comic Irish songs, was among us, and that she would now favor us with one of her imitable songs.

Mrs. Barker favored. In a rare contralto that had Hattie Williams frayed to a tassel, Mrs. Barker rendered this gem of pure Celtic folk song:

On my Irish Indian Mary Anne McKewell, she can't sing a note. If you get in her way you're the fool. Arrah she's the typical, typical, typical mule. But she's a typewriter too—Yo-ho, yodie, yodie.

"We have a recital of honor in this club," said the president when Mrs. Adelia Barker had finished with the Irish Indian Mary Anne McKewell, "and Mrs. Barker's name shall surely be enrolled thereon. But besides singers we have artists and literary people in this club, and it is no more than fitting that after the jolly little song we have just heard we should listen to something in a more serious vein. Mme. Rique, who is well known as a professional speaker and literary woman, will now read an original poem, entitled 'What is Life?' I know you will all pay attention."

Mme. Rique stepped on to the platform and toyed with her chortelaine chain until quiet had settled over the club members. Then she sighed. She drew from her glove a little folded paper and sighed again.

"What is life?" Mme. Rique asked in a small voice which trailed away into the mellow drop dropping of a crystal fountain in the Stygian caves of the dead.

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W. & J. SLOANE

IT may not be generally known that our Department of

Interior Decoration

is now showing a very large and attractive assortment of imported and domestic Wall Papers, as well as Lace Curtains, Cretonnes, and Taffetas, and all the fabrics particularly adapted for Summer furnishing.

We also carry a carefully selected stock of high-class Furniture.

Broadway & Nineteenth Street

farm," she said. "The old farm just as you see it coming over the hill from Devil's Lake, with the old meadow lot there and pa's new barn painted red. Isn't that beautiful?"

President Mason introduced Mrs. E. S. Arbocam of Jersey City, first lady vice-president of the Lonely Club. Mrs. Arbocam could not dare to speak when the mids of the club members were still filled with the glorious beauty of Mrs. Rique's original stanzas. Mrs. Arbocam was only reminded of a little verse somebody had cut out of a Jersey newspaper and passed on the fly leaf of a Bible which a mother gave her boy just before he started out to China to do missionary work. This was the verse:

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